A PROPHECY of ENGLAND's future Happiness, after the time that the Contrivers of this Popish PLOT are cut off.

The Second Impression of

Dr. OTES his VINDICATION:

SHEWING,

His EVIDENCE is not yet to be baffled by the PAPISTS;

And, the *Power* that instructed him to discover this damnable, Popish PLOT. Where observe, None that had a hand in it, or but consented to it, without Repentance, shall ever thrive.

OTES.

WISDOM, the Fruitful Mother of all things,
The Virgin Bride of the great KING of Kings;
This Heavenly Lady, first instructed Me,
To free my Country from *Rome*'s Tyranny.
The World is Blind, and they that Headlong run,
Without this Guid, are utterly undon.
Whilst I was galloping a full Career,
A Glorious Angel did to me appear,
Great Britain's Genius, in a mourning weed.
Glanc't in my Eye, which made my Heart to bleed.

ANGEL.

CAnst thou, quoth she, behold thy Country's fall,
Into the Hands of evr'y *Cannibal*?
Devouring Dogs, who not content with Fleeces,
Do gape to grind both Flesh and Bones to pieces!
Who, under colour of fain'd Holiness,
Would make poor *Albion* a meer Wilderness.
Rome had her *Titus*, we in Story find,
Who was the full Delight of all Mankind:
Be like him then, 'tis not a time to play,
To do thy Country good, loose not a day:
Armies of Serpents swarm about her Ears,
Ready to be devoured by Wolves and Bears.
I have design'd thee for this Noble Work,
Amongst these Murderers no longer lurk.
What canst thou see the Land where thou wast born,
Made the World's Laughter and the publick Scorn?
Thine aged Fathers reverend Snow-white Head,
With Fettered hands, to Execution led?
A Pander to thy Mother, monstrous base!
Thy Sister *strumpeted before thy face? *Whoring in the disease o'th Sons of that Romish Whore.
The Wife before her Husband's face defil'd?
Your Cattel plunderd, & your houses spoil'd?
This Famous Island topsy-turvy turn'd?
The Inhabitants all banished or burn'd?
And thou thyself canst not escape their Fury,
To take thy Life, they have sum'd up a Jury!
Behave thy self as wisely as you can,
'Tis Crime enough to be an *Englishman*.
Thy Countrys peace and safety will be thine,
With bloody Monsters see thou dost not joyn:
Be Wise and Valiant, nothing can distress thee,
Tho the Pope Curse, the Heaven of Heavens will bless thee.
To Conquer *Canaan*, *Israel* sent out Spies,
Be thou a *Caleb* in a low Disguise;
To bring their Deeds of darkness to the Light,
With *Canaanites* be thou a *Canaanite*.
In my wise School, I'le make thee a Refiner,
An Underminer of the Underminer:
The Fiends are putting forth with all their might
A Plot, deeper than Hell, darker than Night!

OTES.

THese words did pierce my Soul, like a keen Arrow,
They glided through my Bones, and all my Marrow.
I'le follow thy Advice, thus I reply,
Though Snakes and Adders in the way do ly:
The Dye is cast, I want no further Wooing,
And if I fall, I'le perish by well doing:
With an undaunted Courage I'le march on,
Till I have past this River *Rubicon*.
Like the brave *Roman Cæsar*, lo, I stand,
Though *Rome* encounter me by Sea and Land:
A *Joshua* to this Land, good News I bring,
A Faithful *Mordecai* unto my King:
Romes stinking Holiness begins to Taint,
Where every Murderer is made a Saint.
Hold up thy head, *Great Britain*, thou shalt see
Accursed †*Haman* hanging on a Tree: † *Some eminent Plotter.*
This Resolution in my mind did fall,
That for a time, I was not I at all!
The Fire of Love so flamed in my Breast,
For *Englands* safety I could take no rest!
The Dove did shine like a bright morning Sun,
And put the Murdering Dragon to the run:
The Lamb he was my Counsellor, who said,
Find out those horrid Treasons that are laid
Against thy Native Soyl, whose Funeral Bell
Is now rung-out by all the Powers of Hell:
A Grave prepar'd, a †Gulf doth open stand †*for Mass. sacred Protestants.*
To swallow all the People of this Land,
Arise, the Angel said, It is THY Lot,
To sound the bottom of this Hellish PLOT,
Guided along by Providence Divine,
Rip through the Bowels of this Dark Design:
I, mount the *Alpes*, stand for fair *Italy*,
To sound *Romes* machivillian Pollicy:
I, swiftly post through *Elanders*, pleasant *France*:
To the *Castillian* Court, I did advance:
I there unrip't the bowels of this PLOT,
Saw how these Nations at fair *England* Shot,
In all those Countrys which foul Treason breeds,
I suckt sweet Honey from most poysonous weeds;
Of which an Antidote I did compound,
To Cure fair *England* of her secret Wound.
That I might give them their own bitter Pill,
I kept the Coppies of their Letters still;
Laden with spoils of Treachery and Treason,
I came unto my King, had I not reason?
My many years Intelligence, I brought
Unto his hands, and how his LIFE was sought.
Tho all the people had their Sentence read,
Yet HE, their King, this dismal Dance must lead.
He did receive me with a gratious Eye,
For at the stake his Sacred Life did lye.
All Nations trust the Sword for their Defence,
But *England*, thou art sav'd by Providence!
For being Blind, thou didst not see nor know,
The Arm was up to give the fatal Blow!
Hood-winkt asleep, thou hadst for ever been,
Had not wise Providence stept-in between.
Armies of Angels, stood in battel aray,
Their General did fight for thee this day.
Let not the name of *Otes* live, let it dye,
And in the Grave of dark Oblivion lye:
Let *Bedloe*, *Otes* and *Dugdale* be forgot,
For they were not Discoveres of this Plot,
These were but Harps in Great *Jehovah*'s hand,
On whom he plaid to save a Sinful Land:
Our General he did call, and we Obey'd,
We were the Instruments on whom he plaid
A Tune so pleasant on the Humble Lyre,
That all succeeding Ages will admire!
To this Great GOD the Ancient of days,
Let us give all the Honor and the Praise,
Who brought a *Daniel* from the Lions Den,
And sav'd us from the Hands of Wicked men:
His Eye hath rais'd to Life with one sweet Ray,
A Nation that upon its Death Bed lay.

The PROPHECY

Of ENGLAND'S future Happiness,

Notwithstanding the Rage and Malice of Papists.

HEnceforth, *Great Britain*, shew thy smiling Face,
In thee is Born a Child of Heavenly Race,
Sprung from the Loyns of the Immortal Dove,
Wisdom his Mother, and his Sire is Love:
Riding Tryumphant on his Milk white Steed,
This Prince shall Cure the Nations that now bleed:
Envy and Malice shall fall down before him,
The *Blackmore* and the *Indian* shall adore him!
Into his Fold all Nations he will gather,
Our Noble King shall be a Nursing Father:
Sweet Peace o're all the Earth shall then be sown,
Stiff-neck'd Rebellion shall no more be known;
Both King and Subject in one Yoak shall draw,
The Prince's Will shall be the Subjects Law:
The Prince with such Commanding Love shall sway,
The People will take pleasure to obey:
They shall rejoyce when they do understand
All Arbitrary power is in his hand:
A full Confinement is full Liberty,
And when they most are bound, they are most free:
No Council to Direct his Just Commands,
For Wisdom always at his Elbow stands:
No heavy Tax can move the Peoples Gall,
For they are willing to surrender all:
Both Prince and People sit upon one Throne,
For Prince and People perfectly are one:
Full Union and Communion here we find,
One Life, one Love, one Soul, one undivided Mind:
But e're this come to pass, we clearly see
*Disturbances in every place shall be; * *betwixt the two Seeds. Gen. 3. 15.*
The Elements shall quarrel with each Star,
Dame Nature with her self shall be at War:
The whole Creation that hath bin accurst,
Shall fall into a *Chaos*, as at first:
In all the World there will be strong Delusion,
Darkness and Death, Confusion on Confusion:
When this Black Cloud is o're, what will ensue?
The Master Builder will Build all things new,
When this old House is burnt that's made of Clay,
Hee'l Build a Pallace that shall ne'r decay:
The Soul, in fine, being urged from Dross and Tin,
Shall now spring up a Glorious Cherubin.
A New Sun in the Firmament shall rise,
Whose Glorious Beams shall dazle Mortal Eyes!
The Stars shall be refin'd which now we see,
And this dull Lump a Paradice will be,
Throu Storms and Tempests we no more shall pass,
For we shall Sayl upon a Sea of Glass:
New Stars, new Planets guild the Heavenly floor,
Such as by Men were never seen before:
The little Birds on every Bough shall Sing,
No Winter but an Everlasting Spring.
Fresh flourishing Youth shall every thing restore,
Old Age is past; and Man shall Dye no more;
Sickness and Sorrow are for ever fled,
All Tears are wip'd away, and Death is dead.

LONDON, Printed by *Th. Dawks*, in *Black Fryers*: where you may have Mr. *Bedloe's* and Mr. *Dugdales* Pictures, severally, thus with Verses, declaring each of their Reasons why they discovered this Damnable, Hellish, Popish PLOT: also you may have Sir *Edmund B. Godfrey* Murder, most of the Papists Cruelties in it, made visible, in a large Copper Plate, with a Discourse thereon, to which is added *Sir Edmunds* Character. Also a Chronology of the Rise and Growth of *Popery*, when and who brought in their Superstitious Devises: which may be had in a broad sheets joyn'd with 52 Figures, in Copper Plates (or in a Pack of Cards representing the Rise, Demonstration and Discovery of the PLOT, with a Book to explain each Figure, *&c.* Also there you may have *Salmon's Dispensatory*; and his *Hora Mathematice*, or *Soul of Astrology*, &c. Any person may have quantities of each, tho 'tis reported, by ill condition'd persons, to many ingenious persons, Lovers of Art, both in City and Country, that none, tho all of them may there be had.